JUNE, 1913 10 CENTS

The MASSES

Drawn by Stuart Davis.

"Gee, Mag, Think of Us Bein' on a Magazine Cover!"

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Published Monthly.

Entered as second-class mail matter, December 27, 1910, at the postoffice of New York City, under the Act of March 3, 1879

Anna M. Sloan, Business Mgr.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, in the *St. Louis Mirror.*

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Charles Scribners' Sons
Fifth Avenue, New York

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DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN

A Revolutionary Hymn to the Anthropomorphic God

Gelett Burgess

GOD of our sires, Who reigneth so unsteadily,
Nodding on Thy heavenly throne, impassive to our care,
Worshipful and wonderful, we shall forgive Thee readily,
If Thou canst shake Thy sloth and give attention to our prayer.

Long have we prayed! We waited long and loyally;
Long the storm was gathering—we trusted, and were dumb.
Lord Jehovah terrible, we waited for Thee royally
To sweep the clouds asunder and to let Thy kingdom come.

Where went our prayers when we, Thy debtors, perishing,
Paid Thy grim debt while our little ones were slain?
Where went Thy light when the faith that we were cherishing
Strove to learn the lesson of our shameful, sinful pain?

Still wert Thou Lord! We knew that Thou wert glorious;
Dark were Thy ways—but what Thou wroughtst was right;
What hast Thou done that we should hail, victorious,
The Lord God of Hosts we served with anguish in His fight?

Salt bread of life Thou gav'st when we were sickening,
Bitter with the sweat and tears Thy mercy had denied;
Fierce was the fire Thou sentest for our quickening,
Black was the smoke that Thou raisedst for our guide!

Sleek were Thy priests and awful was Thy Trinity,
Wild were the wars Thou hast smiled at, from on high!
Tyrants and tortures attested Thy divinity,
Living, we should praise Thee, and worshipping should die!

Free was Thy house, but enslaved was all humanity;
Fain would we kiss the rod, for Thou couldst never err;
Happiness and brotherhood—all was futile vanity!
Foreordained, Thy will divine had made us what we were!

Long was the night; Thy dream obsessed us wearily;
Now, half awakening, we hunger for the day!
Purblind our eyes, but we see Thy presence eerily—
Stand Thou aloof, Lord, till WE have found the way!

Priestcraft hath crowned Thee, kings enthroned Thine awfulness,
Gold hath wrought Thy scepter, and Might hath raised Thy state;
Puppet of Expediency, servant of Unlawfulness,
How Thou hast tricked us with the Word that they dictate.

Lo, we are men! Our need hath sought Thee greedily,
But slack is Thy will, and we ask no more of Thee.
If Thou couldst bless, Thou wouldst have done it speedily;
Unafraid we tweak Thy beard, Thy masters now are we!

So, ere the dawn, when tyrants chains are fettering,
This is our word to Thee, a last and scornful prayer,
No more we trust Thy power of any lightest bettering;
Make Thy load too burdensome for human kind to bear!

Now sure the Lord, Who winked at grievous slavery,
He can unstop, at least, the vials of His wrath!
Graciously permit, we pray, a still more cruel knavery,
A faster, fiercer progress on Thy burning, bloody path!

Nay, we beseech! O, grant us this vicissitude,
The last screw of anguish, extremity of wrong;
Then, Oh, Eternal One, have done with Thy solicitude;
Then shall we arise as Men; despair shall make us strong.

So shall we find our weapon for Eternity,
So shall be captained with Justice and with Truth;
So going forth to the battle for Fraternity,
Ours shall be the victory—and Thine the awful ruth!

Sleep, then, and dream, O God of ancient mysteries,
Ended Thy sovereignty, the mockery of Thy plan;
Locked be the volume of all Thy gory histories—
The cross and crown achieved again, to grace the Son of Man!

Sleep, then, and dream; and let her slave Thou scorified
Snatch up Thy majesty and wield it once again!
Lo, Thou has failed, but Man, divinely glorified,
He shall achieve alone the Brotherhood of Man!

Drawn by George Bellows.

PHILOSOPHER-ON-THE-ROCK: "GOSH, BUT LITTLE KIDS IS HAPPY WHEN THEY'S YOUNG!"

THE MASSES

VOL. IV. NO. IX. JUNE, 1913 ISSUE NUMBER 25

Max Eastman, Editor

KNOWLEDGE AND REVOLUTION

Max Eastman

SPEAKING *Progressively*—

The Chinese Republic is recognized—the six-horse-power-loan-shark-group is minus one—for the first time in history a tariff-promise is being kept—a graduated income tax is going through—the labor unions are beginning to look exempt from action under the Sherman law—a minimum wage for women is spoken of—the government is butting into California's private state business—and the next thing you know the administration will swing round to trust regulation. And then where will the Progressive Party be? It looks to me as though Wilson were going to score on Teddy's sacrifice.

BUT did you see anything slip by that looked like an increase in the *proportion* of our national wealth that goes to the worker? No? Then you didn't see anything remotely Socialistic, and don't let this *Progressivity* disturb your revolutionary sentiments.

"COUNT ten before you swat 'em," is not a new rule for promoting peace, but it's tried and true. Whether Welch's Grape-balls at those diplomatic dinners will be equally productive of international sociability, is doubtful. But I can not withhold a word of praise for Bryan's nerve. One thing always seemed to me the height of moral heroism, and that was to bring up and seriously advocate among the fellas what you learned in Sunday School.

SPEAKING of peace, it looks as though even the Christian churches were going to lay down their arms. A world conference on church unity is proposed, and it is reported that every single one of the 57 varieties of national religion has offered to take into its fold all the rest of the 56, provided they will subscribe to its creed and ritual. This magnanimous spirit among his followers, is certainly a final disproof of those who say that the church has less of the spirit of Jesus than any other institution of the day.

SPEAKING further of disarmament, I see the ladies are taking off their silk dresses, since Bill Haywood discovered that silk is made out of scrap-iron and old tin cans.

"Haywood's assertions are absolutely false," says the manager of a large Silk Mill. "Our silk seldom contains *more than 60% of tin!* And this is the best tin on the market! We never use old tomato cans." (I paraphrase what he said.) "The tin adds weight to the silk and enables us to sell it cheaper," he added. But that was not saying he did sell it cheaper. It was only explaining why he adulterated the silk.

Drawing by Art Young

So that is why your silk dresses rot to the floor if you leave them hanging a while. Don't blame it on the worms. The worms are doing business much in the same old way. The difference between them and the manufacturers is this: The worms are trying to make silk, and the manufacturers are trying to make profits. That is the difference between business and real life wherever you find it.

JUST because he had nothing else to do, Congressman Hayes has introduced a bill providing for a few red stars in the American flag. He thinks the colonies ought to be represented. We don't care about the colonies, but we are for this measure. We don't mind painting the flag over gradually, one star at a time. We believe in opportunism.

But we don't believe in compromise. We don't want any yellow streaks in the red flag, that's all.

THE celebrated White Slave Commission of Illinois reached the summit of its career in scientific statesmanship when it resolved to investigate the exhibition of the International Association of Painters and Sculptors at Chicago. We can't alter the economic inequalities at the foundation of society, of course, but if we could only stop these "nudes coming down stairs!"

THE men working on the road at Mamaroneck had to go on strike *to enforce the law* demanding an 8-hour day on State employment. One of them was shot down and killed by irate citizens. It is reported that he was an anarchist.

MR. PATTERSON, of cash-register notoriety, who rescued many people and some of his reputation, in the Dayton flood, said one thing you want to remember. He said: "We found the women much braver than the men when they were confronted by death."

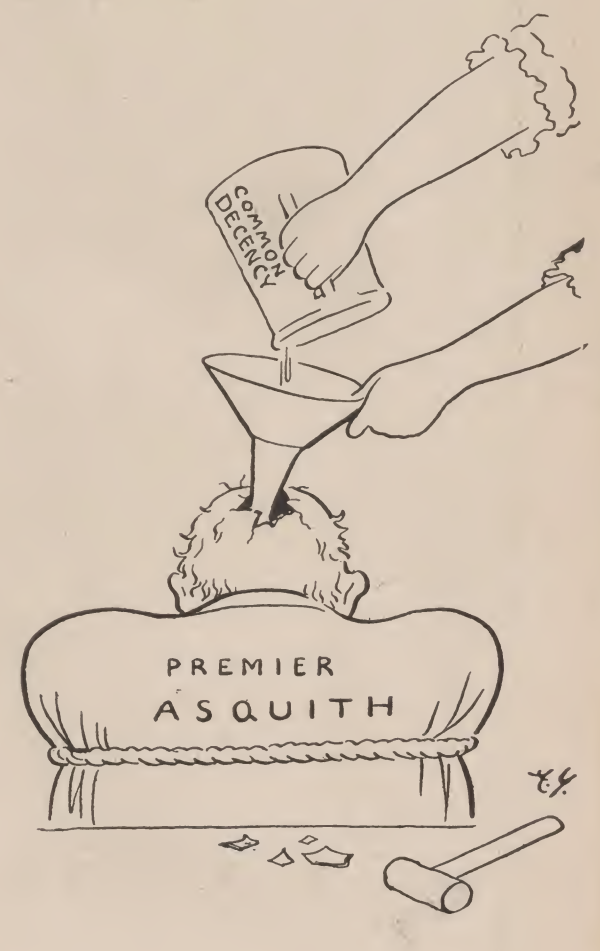
Here is what Big Bill Haywood said to an audience of men last Wednesday:

"The women won the strike at Lawrence. The women will win the strike at Paterson. One woman is worth three men—I never knew it to fail."

It may be true that the female has more pertinacity in the defense of life than the male. It is certainly true that some extreme statements are needed on this side of the question, if a true balance is ever to be struck.

LITTLE working girls, lost in ignorance and industry, up in Hazleton, Pa., are carrying pictures of Emmeline Pankhurst next their hearts. And with good reason. For Emmeline Pankhurst has not only lit the torch for women, but she has shot full of fire the revolutionary movement of the workers all over the world. The spirit of militant resistance against tyranny is awake. And she more than any other has awakened it.

THIS is the kind of forcible feeding that is wanted in England. It's the only solution.



I KNOW the following statement will set THE MASSES apart from all other publications, and make it seem almost a freak in American journalism. But I can't help it. I've got to tell the truth:

We couldn't find any lesson in Mr. Morgan's death, will, or funeral.

It looked to us like a very normal, not to say commonplace, affair from start to finish.

WE have a word to say about some of the commentators, however. We have to say that when J. P. Morgan lay dead he was dishonored with hypocrisy from one side of the world to the other. You would think there would be a kind of up-cropping of candor in the cold face of death. But no—his wealth survives, and the spit of his inheritors must be licked up by those whose business it is.

Chief among them, evidently, the dignitaries of the Episcopal Church—"the Right Reverend Successors of Him who had not Where to Lay His Head." This is a part of what their General Executive Committee got off before the funeral:

"So now his works do follow him and his candle is not hid; for as far as in him lay he made his own the memorable words of Goethe: 'The fashion of this world passeth away, and I fain would occupy myself only with the abiding.'"

Mind you, I'm not saying that Morgan was a bad man. No—he was about as good as the average—stronger than most—more consistent too, for he didn't try to make any death-bed restitution. He believed that his money belonged to him, and he stuck right to it to the end. I like that. But if that is what the church means by "occuping yourself only with the abiding," I ask to be excused before the collection.

As I read the New Testament there is only one class of people concerned in this situation whom Jesus Christ would flay to the bones with sarcasm, and that is the above-quoted hypocrites who profess to speak in his name.

THE Income Tax proposal—attacking investments and high salaries, but leaving wages untouched—is a confession of the fact that profits do not necessarily belong to those who get them. That's one thing about it. That's the thing that makes respectable people exclaim against it as "class legislation." They think that class legislation is something new, whereas practically all of our legislation is, and has been, class legislation—legislation *in favor of* the propertied class. We have got so used to this kind of class legislation that we think it is just *ordinary* legislation. Well, some day working-class legislation will be just ordinary too.

YOU don't believe in the Class Struggle? Just go out to Paterson and make a noise like a free citizen. See what happens to you. That's all John Reed did, and he got twenty days in jail.

It's getting so you can't even collect your thoughts without being arrested for Unlawful Assemblage.

ANOTHER thing about the Income Tax is that it really offers a method by which a great big redistribution of wealth could be effected, if the right people got the power. By the right people I mean the revolutionary workers and their allies who have the courage to fight for a Great Big Redistribution. It is just possible you will some day see this Income Tax worked so beautifully that an income—well, you will hardly be able to tell whether it is coming or going.

THE only way you can make money and dodge the Income Tax is to buy land that is rising in value, leave it unimproved, and then sell it again.

Drawn by Maurice Becker.

CAPITALIST: "LOOK HERE, WHY SHOULD I CARRY *all* OF THIS!"

If you invest in improvements and receive income from the investment you will be taxed. But if you just leave it dead and let the growth of society increase its value you are safe. The government encourages you in that line of business.

In other words there is no tax on the "Unearned Increment from land"—and that will make the Single Taxers happy because it gives them that much more to talk about. And they need it, because some of them were beginning to talk about Socialism for lack of anything new.

CERTAIN learned academicians of Socialist politics had just barely dried the ink on their last annihilation *a priori* of the possibility of the general strike, when pop came the news from Belgium! Which does not prove the folly of learning, but proves the folly of using your learning to overwhelm the minds of people who don't know as much as you do, but have a good deal more sense.

NEGATIVISM is a disease that infects the whole revolutionary movement. These academics indulging in propaganda *against* the general strike are no more to be condemned than agitators who indulge in propaganda *against* a revolutionary political union, setting forth in the spirit of Soap-box Science, just exactly what the future constitution of society will not be. Generally speaking, they are both right when they affirm. They are both wrong when they deny.

DUDLEY D. SICHER, who is president of the Cotton Garment Manufacturers Association, is co-operating with the public school system in establishing the first half-time continuation school in New York. Sixteen girls, White Goods workers, will spend alternate weeks in school and in the factory—their regular wages being paid all the time. Moreover, a bill is before the legislature empowering the Boards of Education to *require* that all children in factories under sixteen shall be given part time in school.

I want to say two things about this scheme. *First:* As a proposition in educational theory it looks good. The children ought to be over instead of under sixteen, but the *principle* of part time working and part time learning about your work and other things is right.

In Cincinnati where the continuation school system was launched by true educational enthusiasts, and under the special endorsement of the labor unions, it has promise.

But *second:* If this scheme is put through under the supervision of Mr. Sicher, or his adviser, Winthrop Talbott, who is an efficiency engineer, it will be a deliberate and immoral attempt to corrupt the rising generation. In the minds of these men the whole thing is nothing more nor less than a strike-breaking campaign, and many of the White Goods workers know it. Mr. Sicher himself has the grace to admit that "it is a cold, hard business proposition, without any idea of philanthropy and welfare work about it."

And why is it good business? It is good business because Mr. Sicher and Mr. Winthrop Talbott are going to determine all for themselves just exactly what those girls shall be taught. They shall be taught not to be naughty, the way they were this winter, when they struck for better wages and decent hours and conditions of labor, and *compelled* Mr. Sicher's association to spend money, not on *sixteen* of them, but on *all* of them. Mr. Sicher himself puts this in more euphemistic and moral-sounding language, but I will quote his words:

"The chief thing I want the girls to learn—because I believe it is absolutely essential—is the human relationship between them as workers and between them and their employer. That is what they don't understand; what it means to be a worker in a business, what it means to co-operate with the man who runs that business, to consider themselves a part of the business from which they will profit."

If the New York Board of Education doesn't see through this, or if the labor people of New York do not step in, as they have in Cincinnati, and demand a say as to what these part-time children shall be taught—then what might be, and ought to be, a radical and sound educational policy, will be nothing more or less than an insidious conspiracy against the liberties of the future generation. It will be a poisoning of the fountains of hope—the minds of young children.

Drawn by Morris Hall Pancoast.

"WHEW, THEM ARTISTS MUST BE SENSUAL FELLERS!"

THE Woolworth Building is the biggest and fairest thing New York has produced. Also, it is entirely up to date. But it was dedicated with a brand of oratory that went out with the last century.

"Mr. Woolworth started in life as a grocer's boy—every grocer's boy can do the same."

Of course if this were true we could skip all over Manhattan on the tips of these towers. But it isn't true. The truth is that the Woolworth Building is a monument to the memory of Equal Opportunity in America—a fitting monument to a beautiful memory.

Prosperity and Preaching are the two things that have damned the United States.

"Be good, be good—my father said—
Though the way be rough and stormy;
Then some day you'll be president,
Or a gen'ral in the army."

That's the talk that has held us back—that and the fact that there was lots of room in the woods. All you had to do was cut down a few trees, a few Indians, and plant a garden. Prosperity and Preachin'—the two great foes of progress! Well, the Prosperity is rapidly becoming less general, but these people in the high towers think they can make up for it by doubling up on the Preachin'. They can't—there are too many of us going around down here on the sidewalk telling the truth.

A Fighting Chance

ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, is inclined to give the late J. P. Morgan the benefit of the doubt. "We are told," he says, "that it is hard for those that have riches to enter the kingdom of heaven, but we are not told that it is impossible." H. B.

Drawn by H. J. Turner.

AFTER HOURS

JANITOR OF THE FLATS: "SAY, YOU, YOU'VE GOT TO CUT THIS OUT. THE TENANTS WON'T STAND FOR IT."
"G'WAN, WHAT YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? T'AINT TEN O'CLOCK YET."

MY MARGONARY

Robert Carlton Brown

IF I were not a practical, workaday man with an ambition to make enough money to keep me continually moving about in comfort, I would rent a small store on a bookish New York street for thirty-eight dollars a month, and peddle second-hand books to all comers. In the rear of the shop I would have a curious little English living-room, and off that a conservatory devoted to four-leaf clovers. By careful selection, cultivation, and Burbanking, in the course of two or three years I would have a yearly crop of, say, ten pounds of four-leaf clovers. I would carefully crystallize and candyize the entire ten pounds by some ingenious method I have not yet invented, so that, counting the sugar, I should have about fifteen pounds of my product to sell. My price would be ten dollars a pound, and I would stipulate with my confectioner customers that they put only one four-leaf clover in each pound box, so that my lucky-pieces would never become common.

My clover patch would yield one hundred and fifty dollars a year and I would not allow the business to increase too rapidly, though after forty or fifty years of work I wouldn't mind turning out twenty pounds each year, at twelve dollars a pound.

In a sunny little room behind the conservatory I would raise mules. Not the braying mule of commerce, but flower mules, bird mules, and fish mules By some ingenious method which I would perhaps be compelled to originate, I would cross fan-tailed Japanese gold-fish, dwarf bronze marigolds, and liquid-throated canaries in such fashion that the resultant mule would blossom from a flower-stalk, as though it were a bird with a gold-fish tail perched in a little private tree of its own. There my margonary would sit all day and sing, languidly waving her lacy fan-tail back and forth while proudly pluming her blazing feathers, scales, and petals. I would teach my margonary to eat from my hand and wear a cocked cap like a bold Spanish commandando. Marg should live on candied four-leaf clovers at ten dollars a pound and never know want.

I would sell her seeds and eggs and roe to the highest bidders, bids being received only from spoiled babies, boyish bachelors, fond mothers, dream-eyed maidens, and plain folk who have lived long and fully and learned to love every littlest thing.

I would not expect to make much money from Margy, but my books would keep me, and my four-leaf clover patch would bring me luxury. Half a dollar a day to spend just as I wished, half a dollar a day to keep me in cigarettes, liqueurs, and Turkish rugs. I would require a Persian prayer rug, a box of Egyptian cigarettes, a number of old books, and lots of leisure in which to sit in the center of my prayer rug, read romantic Arabian tales, and feed my Margy seed pearls and crisp combination salad. And my book-store boy would wait on the shop those times I wished only to sit idle and watch my four-leaf clovers grow.

I think of this to-day because I have again sold my soul in commerce. I have dragged my ideals in the mud; I have pushed away the tender, clinging arms of Art with my gold-grubbing fingers; I have sopped my soul in my ink-pot.

Loving the Native

Horatio Winslow

WHEN a man tells me that he loves Romeo and Juliet, I say, "Of course you do."

When a woman tells me that no one can imagine her love for Wagner, I say sympathetically, "Quite so."

Those who love Landscapes or Corned Beef and Cabbage or Scotch Dialect or Gospel Hymns find in me a quiet, credulous confidant. I believe them.

But when a manicured, barber-shaved person grabs my coat sleeve to remark, "I lo-o-ove the American Farmer!" my quiet response is, "George, bring up the grindstone: here's another one of them axes."

"I love the farmer," you say.

"Exactly," I reply. "Your Cousin Henry lives in the country and each Thanksgiving sends you a turkey which otherwise would cost you three dollars."

"Sir, I have no Cousin Henry.'"

"Then you are Gentleman Jake, the Three Card Monte man, and you tour the country districts shortly after the hay money comes in."

"Sir, I never did such a thing in my life."

"Indeed! In that case you are either Deacon Scraggs, Superintendent of the First Church Sunday-school and with over $117,826.43 of first mortgages on choice farm lands in your safe, or else you are the Hon. George W. Jones—willing and glad to exchange government flower seeds for votes."

I will admit that you may love Parsifal or Pre-Raphaelite Art or Sunsets as purely as Dante loved Beatrice, but any time you begin to love the big red-handed rubes that do the fall plowing it's because you expect to get something out of it—and them.

Just now the railroads and the agricultural implement houses are growing very loud in their affection for the farmer. They love the farmer, and because they love him they want to increase his efficiency. They will, too. It's a safe bet. Before many a son of the soil knows what he is doing he will be raising two sheaves of wheat where only one grew before.

But will not this make the farmer rich?

Yes, indeed, it will not.

True, he will take in enough extra to be able to buy on credit the new machines needed to grow the new kind of crop; also enough to pay the increased railroad rates. But he will continue to sell his winter eggs because he can't afford to eat them; and wear his 1899 overcoat because he can't afford a new one; and let his children's teeth go rot because he can't afford a dentist. Moreover, he will continue to pay interest on the same old mortgage—now slightly enlarged.

It may excite the curious to know that in that day large donations to charity will continue to be made by those Christian gentlemen into whose hands an all-wise Providence has given the railroads and things. Plain people will continue to be glad if they can slip an extra nickel into the plate on Sunday.

And the moral of all this is that even if you do hear a lot of horn blowing it's no sign that anybody is going to give you an automobile; and, speaking of profound scientific observations, you may have noticed that although a horse can run almighty fast, he can't run fast enough to get away from the wagon at the end of his traces.

When the Leaves Come Out

By a Paint Creek Miner

[It will be a surprise to some readers of THE MASSES to know that such a poem as this was written during the past winter in the United States. It will be a wholesome surprise. The poem was written in West Virginia where a civil war exists between the Steel Trust, with the militia as its mercenaries, and a Mine Workers' Union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

Sixteen miners were killed with a machine gun in one engagement. The Governor has declared West Virginia to be in "a state of insurrection." He has declared martial "law." The general public knows absolutely nothing of the armed tyranny which that declaration signifies. The Steel Trust does not intend that it shall know.

The representative of the Associated Press is the Provost Marshal. People who visit the West Virginia miners speak of "returning to the United States" when they leave.]

THE hills are very bare and cold and lonely;
I wonder what the future months will bring?
The strike is on—our strength would win, if only—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

They've got us down—their martial lines enfold us;
They've thrown us out to feel the winter's sting,
And yet, by God, those curs could never hold us,
Nor could the dogs of hell do such a thing!

It isn't just to see the hills beside me
Grow fresh and green with every growing thing.
I only want the leaves to come and hide me,
To cover up my vengeful wandering.

I will not watch the floating clouds that hover
Above the birds that warble on the wing;
I want to use this GUN from under cover—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

You see them there below, the damned scab-herders!
Those puppets on the greedy Owners' String;
We'll make them pay for all their dirty murders—
We'll show them how a starving hate can sting!

They riddled us with volley after volley;
We heard their speeding bullets zip and ring,
But soon we'll make them suffer for their folly—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

—From the International Socialist Review.

The Socialistic Menace

CAMDEN, N. J., April 22.—When Mrs. George Simphon, of 2725 Concord avenue, opened an egg this morning at breakfast a five-cent piece fell out.

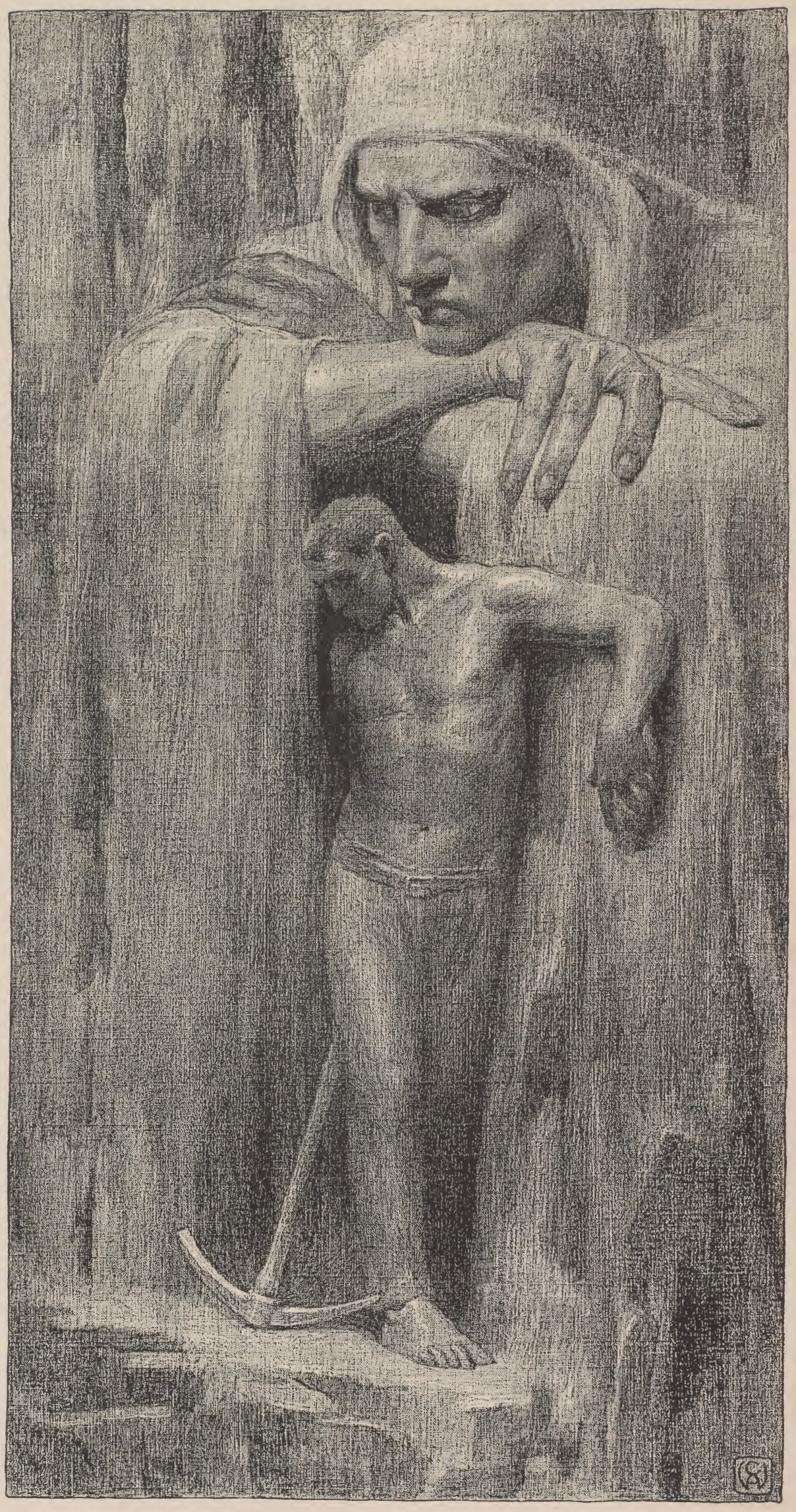
My God! Motherhood Pensions!

Anti-Suffrage Sentiments

A DELICATE Angora cat
Had whiskers; but, pray, what of that?
"I don't want to vote,"
To a friend she once wrote;
"My place is at home on the mat."

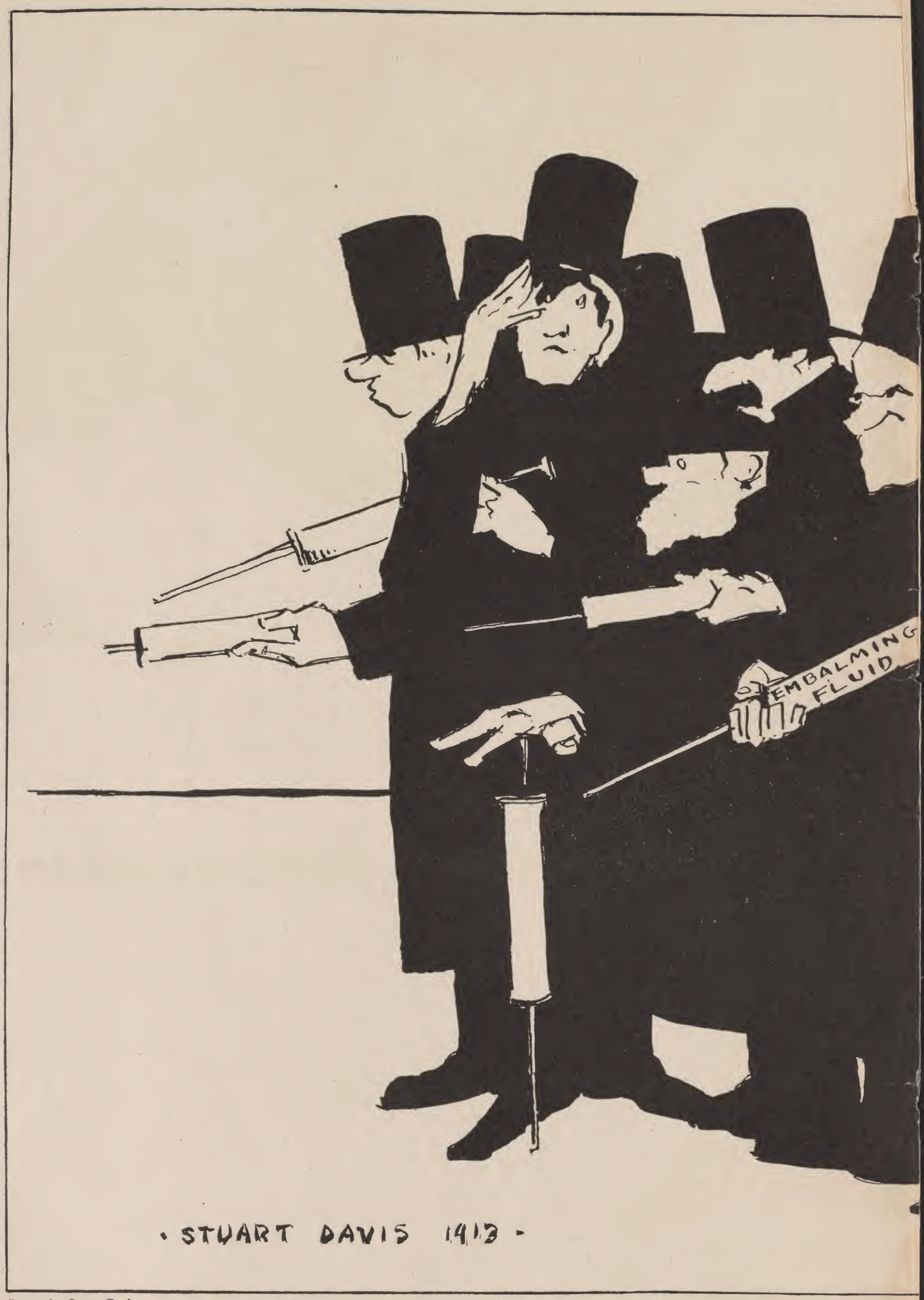
"LET me hold the umbrella, my dear,"
Mrs. Hen said to kind Chantecleer.
"'Tis man's privilege, love."
And he held it above
His own head, so it dripped in her ear.

GERTRUDE BUCK.



Drawn by Charles A. Winter.

THE MINER



Drawn by Stuart ***Davis.***

Saving th

e Corpse

THE MASSES BIBLE-CLASS—Eugene Wood

No. 3—The Proud Lord of Bezek

THERE are so many characters in the Bible interesting to write about that a body hardly knows which one to choose. But I have been promising myself for lo! these many years that if I ever got a chance to do it, I'd pay my humble tribute of respect to one proud spirit of them all, whose head, though bloody, was unbowed.

I must do some sort of justice to an unconquered though unappreciated soul. And what makes the duty still more urgent is that, so far as I know, I am the only Scripture commentator of high rank to see the point.

You'll find the stingy mention of my hero in the first chapter of the book of Judges. "And the Lord delivered the Canaanites and Perizzites into their hand, and they slew of them in Bezek ten thousand men."

If you will pore over all the maps in the Teachers' Bible you won't find Bezek on any of them; it wasn't even a county seat. In the whole Bible it gets only one other mere mention. But you shouldn't let a little thing like the massacre of ten thousand men at a cross-roads settlement annoy you. The "elasticity of the original Hebrew" permits of many things being done with figures. For instance, in another little village named Aphek, a wall fell down one day and killed twenty-seven thousand men at one crack. But to get back to my hero:

"And they found Adoni-bezek in Bezek, and they fought against him, and they slew the Canaanites and Perizzites. But Adoni-bezek fled; and they pursued after him, and caught him, and cut off his thumbs and his great toes. And Adoni-bezek said, 'Threescore and ten kings, having their thumbs and their great toes cut off, gathered their meat under my table. As I have done, so hath God requited me.' And they brought him to Jerusalem and there he died."

That's the plucky one! There's a man for you! They might maim and mutilate him for the few brief days he lived after his black defeat, but in that daunting hour he had the courage and the intellectual strength to jab a barb into them that would rankle for a thousand generations. Mind triumphs over mere brute force.

You don't quite see it?

Perhaps not. Perhaps you have too scornful an opinion of the kind of kings they were in those days. They were pretty picayune, I will confess. For there is a record of some thirty-one kings all in a patch of ground twenty miles one way and forty miles another way, kings of Noodletoozy, and Sunbury, and Olive Green, and Johnnycake Corners, and Pleasant Grove, and Cold Spring and the like of that. I suppose you'd kind o' turn up your nose at the royal palace with the lord chamberlain shooing the chickens out of the front door, a palace made out of 'dobe, probably not even whitewashed on the outside, and certainly not wall-papered on the inside; maybe an upstairs to it, though I doubt it, certainly not a light of glass in the windows, not a mirror about the place, no hot and cold water laid on, no sanitary plumbing, not a rocking-chair, or a parlor organ, or a kerosene lamp with a red rag in the bowl. As there were no screens up, I imagine the palace must have been considerably fly-specked, and insect powder had not then been invented. I have an idea that the housekeeping in the royal palace smelled bad.

But you must overlook all that. You must remember that however shabby and cheap-John the royal palace would seem even to a hill-billy of these days, it was something wonderful to a lot of jayhawkers like the Israelites, right out of the desert, making a raid on civilization. You must picture to yourself how their jaws dropped, and their eyes goggled, how they whispered, "Gosh a'mighty!" to see the style Adoni-bezek put on.

He was the real thing in kings, do not forget. If he had been some up-start adventurer, whose mother had gone out washing, but who had won by hard knocks to the throne, a fine big arm-chair with a high back and a real, goosefeather cushion, he would have had a personal name. But he is "Adoni-bezek," the lord of Bezek, the king. His folks before him had been kings for ever and ever so long. He was cultured, refined, accustomed to living in grand style, and party meals three times a day. When people met him in the street, they didn't greet him with, "Well, king, how's tricks this morning?" They said, "O, king, live forever!" and stuff like that.

And then these yaps from the short-grass country that didn't know how to shut a door, broke in, parvenus, whose only recommendation was that they had a new-fangled high-powered God to back 'em. They did Adoni-bezek up, and with their crude sense of humor they chopped his great toes off, so that when he walked he'd wabble all around; they chopped his thumbs off so that when he tried to take hold of anything he'd have to grabble for it with his fingers, like a cat playing with a ball with her forefoot. It was a perfect scream for them to see him trying to get a bite to eat that they threw to him on the floor. They'd "Haw! Haw! Haw!" and slap their legs and holler, "Hoo-ee!" at the sight. Funny? Funniest thing you ever saw in all your life.

"Oh, yes," said he, quite calmly and philosophically, "jolly well right it serves me, I dessay. You know, I used to have seventy kings trimmed up just so, hoppin' about, scramblin' for the chicken bones I used to toss them. It was quite amusin', it was, rilly. But it couldn't lawst. D-yah me, nao. Seventy, though. Fact, I assure you."

Cannot you hear the laughter die away? *He* had seventy of 'em. Never sat down to a meal's victuals without at least seventy crippled sources of royal merriment. And all *they* had was one! Just one! A measley, insignificant one. Cheap skates! That's what they were. Cheap skates!

Bully for you, Adoni-bezek! You put one over on them for all time.

Business Is Business

"WE'RE going to have 5,000 new cops here in New York," says the gentlemanly private secretary to the proprietor of the great Gambling Hell.

"Ah," says his equally gentlemanly employer, "in that case Henry, we will need a new Time Book, three more stenographers, and 5,000 extra salary warrants per week."

H. W.

God's Advice

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., of Bible class fame, indulged in some very interesting homiletics recently. His subject pertained to the value and cost of prayer, and he related how, at a certain crisis in his life, he prayed for four years, and God finally told him what to do.

Had Mr. Rockefeller stopped his sermon at that point we might have been sufficiently impressed by his experience in the value of prayer as to renew some of our lagging ecclesiastical affiliations. When, however, we reach his animadversions upon the cost of prayer, he is not so convincing. "Think," he says further along in his address, "of the great sums paid to lawyers and doctors for advice. Then reflect that God's advice is free."

But doesn't Mr. Rockefeller's own experience prove that God's advice is rather costly? He spent four years in getting advice in a certain crisis. Four years of an able-bodied man's time is worth several thousand dollars up. If, with unlimited leisure at his command, it took Mr. Rockefeller four years to get a little bit of advice, or even a big bit, how long would it take the rest of us who must, perforce, sandwich our praying in with a deal of scrambling for a modest lodge in some vast wildernessian apartment house? In other words, how long would it have taken Mr. Rockefeller to get that answer if he had had to work daily for a living, if he had had to hook his dinner pail over his arm at six-thirty A. M. and run a race with a factory whistle?

And there's still another pertinent question. We don't know what advice he received, but could he have put it into effect without a plethoric check-book? We do not wish to be irreverent, either of God or Mammon, in all these inquiries, but if Mr. Rockefeller's theological economy is worth reporting at length in respectable newspapers, it is worth pursuing to the bitter end.

Ellis O. Jones.

Press Pearls

"THE silk strikers do not regard Mr. Griggs as the ideal person for chairman of the settlement committee. He is attorney for the Weidmann Silk Dyeing Works."

—*N. Y. World.*

"IT should be a matter of great satisfaction to stockholders of the American Woolen Company that, *in spite of the great Lawrence strike* and an unsatisfactory year generally in the woolen trade, the management was able to show net earnings for the year of $3,700,000, or $900,000 above dividend requirements.

"One of the company's largest stockholders says: 'When I read some of the press criticisms of the American Woolen Company I wonder why our good company is always knocked and slammed—it's a great industrial organization—it has never passed a dividend and has $68 per share of net quick assets. It has charged liberally to depreciation, and the present selling price is due solely to tariff agitation, but if the tariff is going to put many of the woolen mills out of business it will throw a good portion to the American Woolen Company, for that company, with its large plants and up-to-the-minute machinery, can manufac-

Drawn by John Sloan.

RACE SUPERIORITY

ture cheaper than any other company. It must be disheartening to the management to be everlastingly knocked so undeservedly when it is making the greatest record of any company in the business. There are 13,000 stockholders, however, who continue to get a good return on their investment, and they display remarkable fortitude in the face of the continual slamming which the financial columns of the papers seem to enjoy.'"—*The News Letter* (14 Wall St.).

"BUT while I am for the saloon I am not for the dive. I want to see the dives driven out of our neighborhood, and we can do it. I want to see these neighborhood meetings become so popular that the very rich who attend them will almost fraternize with the very poor, and all will work together for clean sidewalks and streets."—A Revolutionary Rector.

"THERE is much sympathy here in official circles for the young American suffragette. She is said to belong to a wealthy family living at Jackson, Mich. She has manifested *Socialistic earnestness* in various ways."—*New York Times.*

Glorious In Defeat

THE Belgian Parliament, with half a million strikers sitting on its chest, has promised to take steps towards universal suffrage. Anyone who thinks this a spiritless procedure should read the stirring words with which the Parliament surrendered: "The Chamber disapproves and condemns the general strike."

"THE Berkshires," a headline tells us, "welcome former Senator Murray Crane back to private life." This makes the sentiment unanimous.

WAR IN PATERSON

John Reed

THERE'S war in Paterson. But it's a curious kind of war. All the violence is the work of one side—the Mill Owners. Their servants, the Police, club unresisting men and women and ride down law-abiding crowds on horseback. Their paid mercenaries, the armed Detectives, shoot and kill innocent people. Their newspapers, the Paterson *Press* and the Paterson *Call,* publish incendiary and crime-inciting appeals to mob-violence against the strike leaders. Their tool, Recorder Carroll, deals out heavy sentences to peaceful pickets that the police-net gathers up. They control absolutely the Police, the Press, the Courts.

Opposing them are about twenty-five thousand striking silk-workers, of whom perhaps ten thousand are active, and their weapon is the picket-line. Let me tell you what I saw in Paterson and then you will say which side of this struggle is "anarchistic" and "contrary to American ideals."

At six o'clock in the morning a light rain was falling. Slate-grey and cold, the streets of Paterson were deserted. But soon came the Cops—twenty of them—strolling along with their night-sticks under their arms. We went ahead of them toward the mill district. Now we began to see workmen going in the same direction, coat collars turned up, hands in their pockets. We came into a long street, one side of which was lined with silk mills, the other side with the wooden tenement houses. In every doorway, at every window of the houses clustered foreign-faced men and women, laughing and chatting as if after breakfast on a holiday. There seemed no sense of expectancy, no strain or feeling of fear. The sidewalks were almost empty, only over in front of the mills a few couples—there couldn't have been more than fifty—marched slowly up and down, dripping with the rain. Some were men, with here and there a man and woman together, or two young boys. As the warmer light of full day came the people drifted out of their houses and began to pace back and forth, gathering in little knots on the corners. They were quick with gesticulating hands, and low-voiced conversation. They looked often toward the corners of side streets.

Suddenly appeared a policeman, swinging his club. "Ah-h-h!" said the crowd softly.

Six men had taken shelter from the rain under the canopy of a saloon. "Come on! Get out of that!" yelled the policeman, advancing. The men quietly obeyed. "Get off this street! Go on home, now! Don't be standing here!" They gave way before him in silence, drifting back again when he turned away. Other policemen materialized, hustling, cursing, brutal, ineffectual. No one answered back. Nervous, bleary-eyed, unshaven, these officers were worn out with nine weeks incessant strike duty.

On the mill side of the street the picket-line had grown to about four hundred. Several policemen shouldered roughly among them, looking for trouble. A workman appeared, with a tin pail, escorted by two detectives. "Boo! Boo!" shouted a few scattered voices. Two Italian boys leaned against the mill fence and shouted a merry Irish threat, "Scab! Come outa here I knocka you' head off!" A policeman grabbed the boys roughly by the shoulder. "Get to hell out of here!" he cried, jerking and pushing them violently to the corner, where he kicked them. Not a voice, not a movement from the crowd.

A little further along the street we saw a young woman with an umbrella, who had been picketing, suddenly confronted by a big policeman.

"What the hell are *you* doing here?" he roared. "God damn you, you go home!" and he jammed his club against her mouth. "I *no* go home!" she shrilled passionately, with blazing eyes. "You bigga stiff!"

Silently, steadfastly, solidly the picket-line grew. In groups or in couples the strikers patrolled the sidewalk. There was no more laughing. They looked on with eyes full of hate. These were fiery-blooded Italians, and the police were the same brutal thugs that had beaten them and insulted them for nine weeks. I wondered how long they could stand it.

It began to rain heavily. I asked a man's permission to stand on the porch of his house. There was a policeman standing in front of it. His name, I afterwards discovered, was McCormack. I had to walk around him to mount the steps.

Suddenly he turned round, and shot at the owner: "Do all them fellows live in that house?" The man indicated the three other strikers and himself, and shook his head at me.

"Then you get to hell off of there!" said the cop, pointing his club at me.

"I have the permission of this gentleman to stand here," I said. "He owns this house."

"Never mind! Do what I tell you! Come off of there, and come off damn quick!"

"I'll do nothing of the sort."

With that he leaped up the steps, seized my arm, and violently jerked me to the sidewalk. Another cop took my arm and they gave me a shove.

"Now you get to hell off this street!" said Officer McCormack.

"I won't get off this street or any other street. If I'm breaking any law, you arrest me!"

Officer McCormack, who is doubtless a good, stupid Irishman in time of peace, is almost helpless in a situation that requires thinking. He was dreadfully troubled by my request. He didn't want to arrest me, and said so with a great deal of profanity.

"I've *got* your number," said I sweetly. "Now will you tell me your name?"

"Yes," he bellowed, "an' I got *your* number! I'll arrest you." He took me by the arm and marched me up the street.

He was sorry he *had* arrested me. There was no charge he could lodge against me. I hadn't been doing anything. He felt he must make me say something that could be construed as a violation of the Law. To which end he God damned me harshly, loading me with abuse and obscenity, and threatened me with his night-stick, saying, "You big —— —— lug, I'd like to beat the hell out of you with this club."

I returned airy persiflage to his threats.

Other officers came to the rescue, two of them, and supplied fresh epithets. I soon found them repeating themselves, however, and told them so. "I had to come all the way to Paterson to put one over on a cop!" I said. Eureka! They had at last found a crime! When I was arraigned in the Recorder's Court that remark of mine was the charge against me!

Ushered into the patrol-wagon, I was driven with much clanging of gongs along the picket-line. Our passage was greeted with "Boos" and ironical cheers, and enthusiastic waving. At Headquarters I was interrogated and lodged in the lockup. My cell was about four feet wide by seven feet long, at least a foot higher than a standing man's head, and it contained an iron bunk hung from the side-wall with chains, and an open toilet of disgusting dirtiness in the corner. A crowd of pickets had been jammed into the same lockup only three days before, *eight or nine in a cell,* and kept there without food or water for *twenty-two hours!* Among them a young girl of seventeen, who had led a procession right up to the Police Sergeant's nose and defied him to arrest them. In spite of the horrible discomfort, fatigue and thirst, these prisoners had *never let up cheering and singing* for a day and a night!

In about an hour the outside door clanged open, and in came about forty pickets in charge of the police, joking and laughing among themselves. They were hustled into the cells, two in each. Then pandemonium broke loose! With one accord the heavy iron beds were lifted and slammed thunderingly against the metal walls. It was like a cannon battery in action.

"Hooray for I. W. W.!" screamed a voice. And unanimously answered all the voices as one, "Hooray!"

"Hooray for Chief Bums!" (Chief of Police Bimson).

"Boo-o-o-o!" roared forty pairs of lungs—a great boom of echoing sound that had more of hate in it than anything I ever heard.

"To hell wit' Mayor McBride!"

"Boo-o-o-o!" It was an awful voice in that reverberant iron room, full of menace.

"Hooray for Haywood! One bigga da Union! Hooray for da Strike! To hell wit' da police! Boo-o-o-o! Boo-o-o-o! Hooray! Killa da A. F of L.! A. F. of *Hell,* you mean! Boo-o-o-o!"

"Musica! Musica!" cried the Italians, like children. Whereupon one voice went "Plunk-plunk! Plunk-plunk!" like a guitar, and another, a rich tenor, burst into the first verse of the Italian-English song, written and composed by one of the strikers to be sung at the strike meetings. He came to the chorus:

"Do you lika Miss Flynn?"

(Chorus) "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Do you lika Carlo Tresca?"

(Chorus) "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Do you like Mayor McBride?"

(Chorus) "No! *No!* NO! *NO!!!*"

"Hooray for I. W. W.!"

"Hooray! Hooray!! Hooray!!!"

"*Bis! Bis!*" shouted everybody, clapping hands, banging the beds up and down. An officer came in and attempted to quell the noise. He was met with "Boos" and jeers. Some one called for water. The policeman filled a tin cup and brought it to the cell door. A hand reached out swiftly and slapped it out of his fingers on the floor. "Scab! Thug!" they yelled. The policeman retreated. The noise continued.

The time approached for the opening of the Recorder's Court, but word had evidently been brought that there was no more room in the County Jail, for suddenly the police appeared and began to open the cell doors. And so the strikers passed out, cheering wildly. I could hear them outside, marching back to the picket-line with the mob who had waited for them at the jail gates.

And then I was taken before the Court of Recorder Carroll. Mr. Carroll has the intelligent, cruel, merciless face of the ordinary police court magistrate. But

Drawn by Arthur Young.

SPEAKING OF ANARCHY.

The Paterson *Press*, in its issue of April 24, published a front page article under the caption, "Haywood's Presence in Paterson Is a Daily Menace to the Welfare of 125,000 People—It Is Time He Left!" The article contained the following sencence: "Akron, Ohio, COULD NOT FIND A LAW to banish this dangerous revolutionist and his cohorts, but a CITIZENS' COMMITTEE of 1,000 men DID THE TRICK in short order. Can Akron, Ohio, accomplish something that Paterson, N. J., cannot duplicate? The Paterson *Press* dislikes to believe it." This sentiment was unanimously endorsed by a committee of "respectable" citizens in Paterson, including ministers of the Gospel. It is, as the New York *Call* truly says, "A direct incitement to mob violence"—a form of exhortation which Haywood himself has conspicuously refrained from in promoting this strike.

he is worse than most police court magistrates. He sentences beggars to *six months' imprisonment* in the County Jail without a chance to answer back. He also sends little children there, where they mingle with dope-fiends, and tramps, and men with running sores upon their bodies—to the County Jail, where the air is foul and insufficient to breathe, and the food is full of dead vermin, and grown men become insane.

Mr. Carroll read the charge against me. I was permitted to tell my story. Officer McCormack recited a clever *mélange* of lies that I am sure he himself could never have concocted. "John Reed," said the Recorder. "Twenty days." That was all.

And so it was that I went up to the County Jail. In the outer office I was questioned again, searched for concealed weapons, and my money and valuables taken away. Then the great barred door swung open and I went down some steps into a vast room lined with three tiers of cells. About eighty prisoners strolled around, talked, smoked, and ate the food sent in to them by those outside. Of this eighty almost half were strikers. They were in their street clothes, held in prison under $500 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury. Surrounded by a dense crowd of short, dark-faced men, Big Bill Haywood towered in the center of the room. His big hand made simple gestures as he explained something to them. His massive, rugged face, seamed and scarred like a mountain, and as calm, radiated strength. These slight, foreign-faced strikers, one of many desperate little armies in the vanguard of the battle-line of Labor, quickened and strengthened by Bill Haywood's face and voice, looked up at him lovingly, eloquently. Faces deadened and dulled with grinding routine in the sunless mills glowed with hope and understanding. Faces scarred and bruised from policemen's clubs grinned eagerly at the thought of going back on the picket-line. And there were other faces, too—lined and sunken with the slow starvation of a nine weeks' poverty—shadowed with the sight of so much suffering, or the hopeless brutality of the police—and there were those who had seen Modestino Valentino shot to death by a private detective. But not one showed discouragement; not one a sign of faltering or of fear. As one little Italian said to me, with blazing eyes: "We all one bigga da Union. I. W. W.—dat word is pierced de heart of de people!"

"Yes! Yes! Dass righ'! I. W. W.! One bigga da Union"— they murmured with soft, eager voices, crowding around.

I shook hands with Haywood, who introduced me to Pat Quinlan, the thin-faced, fiery Irishman now under indictment for speeches inciting to riot.

"Boys," said Haywood, indicating me, "this man wants to *know* things. You tell him everything"—

They crowded around me, shaking my hand, smiling, welcoming me. "Too bad you get in jail," they said, sympathetically. "We tell you ever't'ing. You ask. We tell you. Yes. Yes. You good feller."

And they did. Most of them were still weak and exhausted from their terrible night before in the lock-up. Some had been lined up against a wall, as they marched to and fro in front of the mills, and herded to jail on the charge of unlawful assemblage!" Others had been clubbed into the patrol-wagon on the charge of "rioting," as they stood at the track, on their way home from picketing, waiting for a train to pass! They were being held for the Grand Jury that indicted Haywood and Gurley Flynn. *Four of these jurymen were silk manufacturers, another the head of the local Edison company—which Haywood tried to organize for a strike—and not one a workingman!*

"We not take bail," said another, shaking his head. "We stay here. Fill up de damn jail. Pretty soon no more room. Pretty soon can't arrest no more picket!"

It was visitors' day. I went to the door to speak with a friend. Outside the reception room was full of women and children, carrying packages, and pasteboard boxes, and pails full of dainties and little comforts lovingly prepared, which meant hungry and ragged wives and babies, so that the men might be comfortable in jail. The place was full of the sound of moaning; tears ran down their work-roughened faces; the children looked up at their fathers' unshaven faces through the bars and tried to reach them with their hands.

"What nationalities are all the people?" I asked. There were Dutchmen, Italians, Belgians, Jews, Slovaks, Germans, Poles—

"What nationalities stick together on the picket-line?"

A young Jew, pallid and sick-looking from insufficient food, spoke up proudly. "T'ree great nations stick togedder like dis." He made a fist. "T'ree great nations—*I*talians, Hebrews an' Germans"—

"But how about the Americans?"

They all shrugged their shoulders and grinned with humorous scorn. "English peoples not go on picket-line," said one, softly. "'Mericans no lika fight!" An Italian boy thought my feelings might be hurt, and broke in quickly: "Not all lika dat. Beeg Beell, *he* 'Merican. *You* 'Merican. Quinl', Miss Flynn, 'Merican. *Good! Good!* 'Merican workman, he lika talk too much."

This sad fact appears to be true. It was the English-speaking group that held back during the Lawrence strike. It is the English-speaking contingent that remains passive at Paterson, while the "wops," the "kikes," the "hunkies"—the "degraded and ignorant races from Southern Europe"—go out and get clubbed on the picket-line and gaily take their medicine in Paterson jail.

But just as they were telling me these things the keeper ordered me to the "convicted room," where I was pushed into a bath and compelled to put on regulation prison clothes. I shan't attempt to describe the horrors I saw in that room. Suffice it to say that forty-odd men lounged about a long corridor lined on one side with cells; that the only ventilation and light came from one small skylight up a funnel-shaped air-shaft; that one man had syphilitic sores on his legs and was treated by the prison doctor with sugar-pills for "nervousness;" that a seventeen-year-old boy *who had never been sentenced* had remained in that corridor without ever seeing the sun for over *nine months;* that a cocaine-fiend was getting his "dope" regularly from the inside, and that the background of this and much more was the monotonous and terrible shouting of a man who had lost his mind in that hell-hole and who walked among us.

There were about fourteen strikers in the "convicted" room—Italians, Lithuanians, Poles, Jews, one Frenchman and one "free-born" Englishman! That Englishman was a peach. He was the only Anglo-Saxon striker in prison except the leaders—and perhaps the only one who *had been* there for picketing. He had been sentenced for insulting a mill-owner who came out of his mill and ordered him off the sidewalk. "Wait till I get out!" he said to me. "If them damned English-speaking workers don't go on picket *I'll* put the curse o' Cromwell on 'em!"

Then there was a Pole—an aristocratic, sensitive chap, a member of the local Strike Committee, a born fighter. He was reading Bob Ingersoll's lectures, translating them to the others. Patting the book, he said with a slow smile: "Now I don' care if I stay in here one year." One thing I noticed was the utter and reasonable irreligion of the strikers—the Italians, the Frenchman—the strong Catholic races, in short—and the Jews, too.

"Priests, it is a profesh'. De priest, he gotta work same as any workin' man. If we ain't gotta no damn Church we been strikin' t'ree hund'd years ago. Priest, he iss all a time keeping working-man down!"

And then, with laughter, they told me how the combined clergy of the city of Paterson had attempted from their pulpits to persuade them back to work—back to wage-slavery and the tender mercies of the mill-owners on grounds of religion! They told me of that disgraceful and ridiculous conference between the Clergy and the Strike Committee, with the Clergy in the part of Judas. It was hard to believe that until I saw in the paper the sermon delivered the previous day at the Presbyterian Church by the Reverend William A. Littell. He had the impudence to flay the strike leaders and advise workmen to be respectful and obedient to their employers—to tell them that the saloons were the cause of their unhappiness—to proclaim the horrible depravity of Sabbath-breaking workmen, and more rot of the same sort. And this while living men were fighting for their very existence and singing gloriously of the Brotherhood of Man!

The lone Frenchman was a lineal descendant of the Republican doctrinaires of the French Revolution. He had been a Democrat for thirteen years, then suddenly had become converted to Socialism. Blazing with excitement, he went round bubbling with arguments. He had the same blind faith in Institutions that characterized his ancestors, the same intense fanaticism, the same willingness to die for an idea. Most of the strikers were Socialists already—but the Frenchman was bound to convert every man in that prison. All day long his voice could be heard, words rushing forth in a torrent, tones rising to a shout, until the Keeper would shut him up with a curse. When the fat Deputy-Sheriff from the outer office came into the room the Frenchman made a dive for him, too.

"You're not producing anything," he'd say, eyes snapping, finger waving violently up and down, long nose and dark, excited face within an inch of the Deputy's. "You're an unproductive worker—under Socialism we'll get what we're working for—we'll get all we make. Capital's not necessary. Of course it ain't! Look at the Post Office—is there any private capital in that? Look at the Panama Canal. That's Socialism. The American Revolution was a smugglers' war. Do you know what is the Economic Determinism?" This getting swifter and swifter, louder and louder, more and more fragmentary, while a close little circle of strikers massed round the Deputy, watching his face like hounds on a trail, waiting till he opened his mouth to riddle his bewildered arguments with a dozen swift retorts. Trained debaters, all these, in their Locals. For a few minutes the Deputy would try to answer them, and then, driven into a corner, he'd suddenly sweep his arm furiously around, and bellow:

"Shut up, you damned dagos, or I'll clap you in the dungeon!" And the discussion would be closed.

Then there was the strike-breaker. He was a fat man, with sunken, flabby cheeks, jailed by some mistake of the Recorder. So completely did the strikers ostracize him—rising and moving away when he sat by them, refusing to speak to him, absolutely ignoring his presence—that he was in a pitiable condition of loneliness.

"I've learned my lesson," he moaned. "I ain't never goin' to scab on working-men no more!"

One young Italian came up to me with a newspaper and pointed to three items in turn. One was "American Federation of Labor hopes to break the Strike next week;" another, "Victor Berger says 'I am a member of the A. F. of L., and I have no love for the I. W. W. in Paterson,'" and the third, "Newark Socialists refuse to help the Paterson Strikers."

"I no un'erstand," he told me, looking up at me appealingly. "You tell me. I Socialis'—I belong Union—I strike wit' I. W. W. Socialis', he say, 'Worke'men of de worl'. Unite!' A. F. of L., he say, 'All workmen join togedder.' Bot' dese or-gan-i-zashe, he say, 'I am for de Working Class.' Awri', I say, I am de Working Class. I unite, I strike. Den he say, 'No! You *cannot* strike!' Why dat? I no un'erstan'. You explain me."

But I could not explain. All I could say was that a good share of the Socialist Party and the American Federation of Labor have forgotten all about the Class Struggle, and seem to be playing a little game with Capitalistic rules, called "Button, button, who's got the Vote!"

When it came time for me to go out I said good-bye to all those gentle, alert, brave men, ennobled by something greater than themselves. *They* were the strike—not Bill Haywood, not Gurley Flynn, not any other individual. And if they should lose all their leaders other leaders would arise from the ranks, even as *they* rose, and the strike would go on! Think of it! Twelve years they have been losing strikes—twelve solid years of disappointments and incalculable suffering. They must not lose again! They can not lose!

And as I passed out through the front room they crowded around me again, patting my sleeve and my hand, friendly, warm-hearted, trusting, eloquent. Haywood and Quinlan had gone out on bail.

"You go out," they said softly. "Thass nice. Glad you go out. Pretty soon we go out. Then we go back on picket-line"—

Drawn by John Sloan.

Those Two Bad Bills

THOSE twin enemies of law and order, Bill Wood and Bill Haywood, are at last face to face with the consequences of their crimes—Big Bill for making loud speeches, Little Bill for planting dynamite in other people's houses. Haywood has already been run into jail and will be tried immediately. Wool Trust Wood is, of course, a business man, but we are assured he will be brought to trial as soon as he has a little leisure.

"THERE is only one thing more polite than inquiring after the health of a friend whom one meets, and that is to listen while he tells you."

E. O. J.

Thank God!

THANK God, I'm not a gentleman,
That I feel free to swear and shout,
That I can sometimes lose my head
And not know what I am about.

Thank God, I have no double way
That I can put on like a suit—
One for the women who obey
The Code, one for the Prostitute.

Yes, thank God, *I've* no little code,
No paltry ethics of a clan,
No proper and well-beaten road—
Thank God, I'm not a gentleman!

HARRY KEMP.

EDUCATION

In London

FIRST Burglar: "S'y, Bill, 'ave you got them suffragette placards?"

Second Burglar: "My Gawd, I forgot 'em!"

First Burglar: "Well, you bloody fool, 'ow're we goin' to cover up our trail?"

June Morning

DE sun am shinin' bright,
Am fillin' me full ob light;
Ah done git up ca'ly,
An' wash mase'f mo' thor'ly.

THE WORLD-WIDE BATTLE LINE

William English Walling

Socialists and the War Scare

CARL LIEBKNECHT has made a sensational exposure in the Reichstag of the corruption of the French and German press by the German manufacturers of arms. He showed that these manufacturers were promoting a war-scare for the sake of business. He also showed that they were in close and corrupt relations with the German bureaucracy. This exposure has made clear the purely capitalistic character of the present military agitation in Europe. But in so doing it has distracted the attention of critics from another extremely important feature of the situation.

For the Socialist members of Parliament have decided, *for the first time in the history of the Party,* to make it possible for the government to obtain the money it needs for its warlike purposes. The ground on which they do this is, of course, plausible; namely, that the government proposes by means of what amounts to a heavy and steeply graduated income tax, to put a considerable though still a *minor part* of the burden of armaments on the wealthy classes, and that this measure deserves Socialist support.

It cannot be denied that a tax which takes *nearly all* of this year's income of the multi-millionaires (although with the apology that it is only to be levied *once*) must appeal to all Socialists as being an approach to ideal or confiscatory taxation. Yet can we consider the *form* of the tax without considering the *purpose* for which it is raised?

This is the question asked by the revolutionists of the German Party. But they are now in a minority in the Reichstag group, and the anti-revolutionary majority has decided on the following course—which is a decided moderation of the older militant tactics:

They will vote *against* the military, but they will vote *for* these taxes which are intended exclusively for military purposes.

As the Paris *Temps* says:

"They will not vote for the military law. Of course not. But they will vote the government the hundreds of millions that are the basis of the military law."

The chief supporters of the new policy, David Fischer and Sudekum, have been voted down again and again at Socialist Congresses by majorities of four and five to one. But they now dominate, having been joined by Bebel on this question four years ago at the Leipzig Congress. A long degeneration, indeed, from the revolutionary position of the early German Congresses over which Bebel presided.

The Congress of 1876, for example, declared in favor of the nationalization of railways, but *against* their acquisition by the German Empire, because, as Bebel says in his "Memoirs," such acquisition would serve only the interests of the aristocratic and *militarist State;* the revenue would be wasted on unproductive expenditure whereby the Empire would acquire further power—a power hostile to democracy.

The Berlin *Vorwaerts* explains the new tactics by saying that the military expenditures were certain to be approved by a majority of the Reichstag in any event, and that the only question remaining was whether the money should be raised by still further increasing the heavy burden of indirect taxes that now rests on the people, or by taxing directly the wealthy and well-to-do.

But there was another alternative. The Socialists have been conducting a tremendous agitation for the *decrease* of indirect taxes. They could now say that they would not vote the new taxes on the rich except if accompanied by a *corresponding* decrease of indirect taxes, thus making all additional expenditures on armaments impossible. By their failure to do this, the majority of the Reichstag group has not only abandoned its campaign for lower taxes, but it has taken a position on militarism less advanced than that of many non-Socialist advocates of peace.

Capitalist Anti-Militarism

IT shows an insane loss of perspective to imagine that it is only Socialists who effectively oppose militarism and war. Even in France, where journalism is so venal, and war-propaganda has reached its highest pitch, a large number of provincial councils (representing peasants and shop-keepers), a numbers of former Ministers, including Calliaux, and at least one influential organ of anti-Socialist opinion, *Le Radical,* have taken a stand against the proposed return to three years of compulsory military service.

In Germany by far the largest and most influential organ in the country, the *Berliner Tageblatt,* is vigorously combating the whole militarist agitation, and so is the most intellectual of German newspapers, the *Frankfurter Zeitung.* Besides this a host of other influential papers are "on the fence."

Indeed, a referendum even among the *non-Socialist* masses would probably show a large majority against war in every country of Europe (outside the Balkans). And, finally, a very considerable number of large capitalists are tied by their purse strings to the peace movement.

It is in view of such facts that the German Socialists oppose the General Strike against war. They are willing to make a stand, but they do not see why they should pay the whole cost—especially the frightful bloodshed involved in an insurrection in time of war—when so many others are equally interested in the result.

For this reason they have maintained—up to the present—that a more effective and less costly method is for the Reichstag to deprive the government of the money needed for war. Just now—as we have shown in the paragraph above—they appear to be going back on these tactics. But we may still hope that, at the last moment, they will return to them.

Mexico's Bandit Armies

AN article in *Collier's Weekly*—under the above title—gives complete substantiation to what we printed in these columns several months ago.

"What are the terms of these bandits? If they are not fighting for loot or for fun or for ambition, what are they fighting for? If they are not bandits, what are they?

"The bandits of Mexico are fighting for liberty—not for some chimerical or ideal liberty that is of the mind and far away, nor even for a liberty so immaterial, though so universally demanded, as political liberty, but for a concrete, tangible thing that means to them not only the broader liberties of the mind but the more pressing needs of the body. *The bandits of Mexico are fighting for land to stand upon.*

"These rural bandits, an overwhelming majority of them, once belonged to one or both of two classes—illegally dispossessed small farmers and liberated slaves. When I say slaves, I mean slaves. Lincoln never freed any slaves whose lot approached in misery the lot of these Mexicans who were liberated by the revolution of 1910 and who are retaining their liberty only by retaining possession of their guns.

"*The Mexican people are fighting their way through seas of blood back to the land.* Feudalism is the issue. Feudalism has lived a century overtime in Mexico. It is dying hard, but it must die. The fight is a necessary one. Success is inevitable. Whoever raises a hand against it but causes a greater waste of human blood. The so-called bandits of Mexico are not bandits, but patriots. The real bandits of Mexico are the ones whom our Ambassador has recommended shall be recognized as the legal rulers of the country."

In Belgium

THE Belgian strike has ended in a probable compromise. It is not certain that the Socialists have won much, if anything. It is only certain that those Liberals who helped to back the strike financially, and were alone consulted in the compromise which the government offered, have made a substantial gain.

If the suffrage is made equal in Belgium the Catholic and Agrarian party will lose its parliamentary majority and the balance of power will undoubtedly pass into the hands of the Liberals, i. e., the urban capitalists and middle classes. This happened in the neighboring country of France many years ago. And the Liberals will have no immediate cause for alarm over the Socialists.

There still remains the alternative of enfranchising the women, who are more largely good Catholics than the men, and thus perhaps insuring an extension of Catholic power for some years, and of a Liberal balance of power for a generation. Long before that time the Belgian "patriots" and capitalists will doubtless see to it that their little industrial country is absorbed by France with its large and safe agricultural majority.

Socialism, it is true, will thrive far better under the Liberals (i. e., under a modern industrial government) than it could under an eighteenth century, clerical, agrarian government. And therefore the strike was decidedly worth while. But it cannot be denied that the Liberals, who have paid much the smaller part of the cost of the strike, have made by far the larger gain. Such, it seems, is the law of progress in a capitalist society.

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27 West 11th St., N. Y. City
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THE MASSES PUBLISHING CO.,
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150 Nassau St., N. Y. City
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150 Nassau St., N. Y. City

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